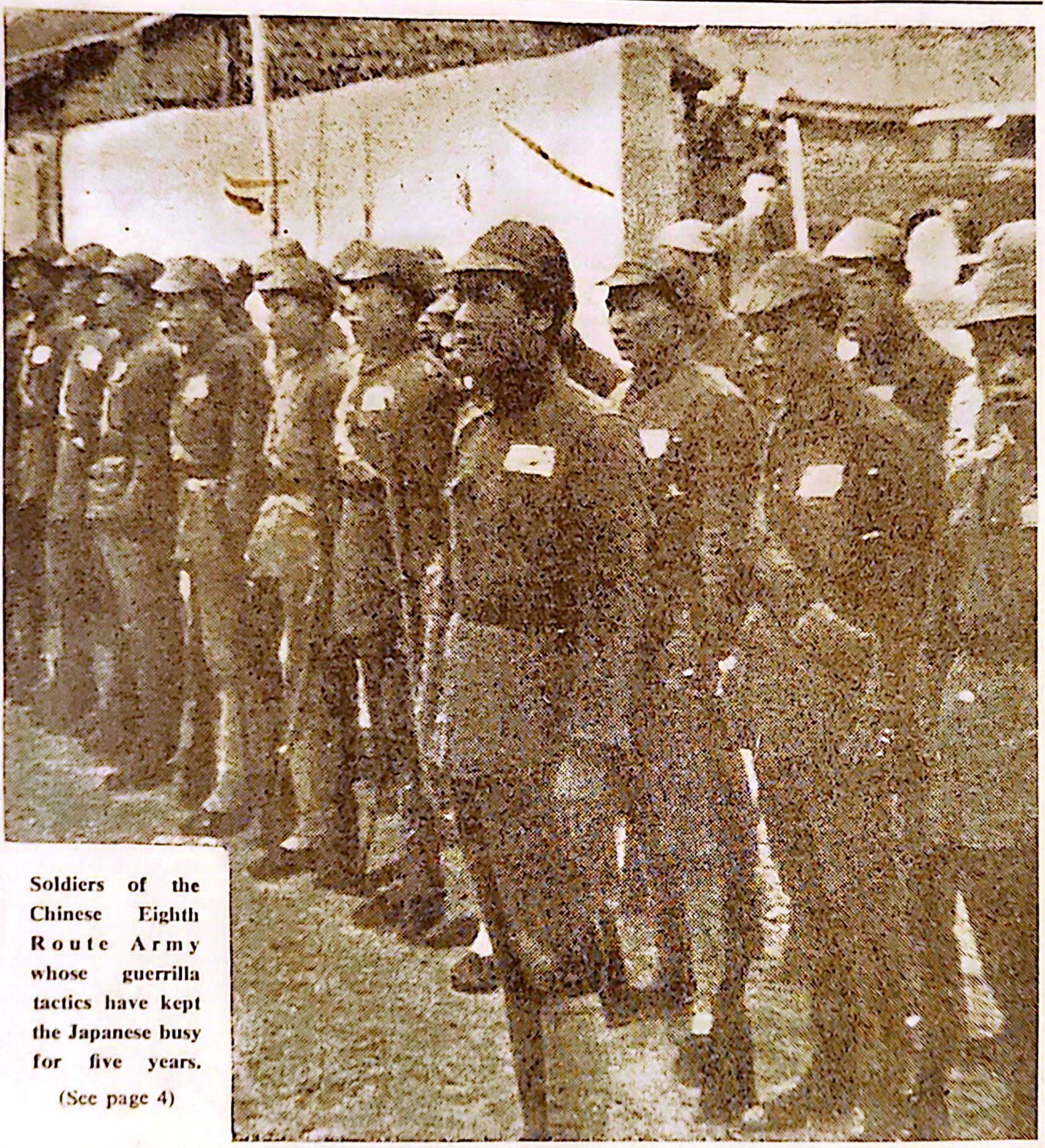
CHALLENGE Youth Weekly, Saturday, July 12, 1941.

CHALLENGE

BRITAIN'S NATIONAL YOUTH WEEKLY 2d



Soldiers of the Chinese Eighth Route Army whose guerrilla tactics have kept the Japanese busy for five years.

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Let Yourself Go

How Are You Helping Russia ?

Dear Reader,

Did you hear the news on June 29? It was announced that in Moscow 20,000 people attended a church service to pray for victory.

This seems partly to answer the question "How Religion is treated in Russia." Because it seems to point out that all the churches were not burned, nor all the crosses broken and the priests torn to bits, etc. (See "Daily Mail" and other papers.)

It seems to point out that people's individual feelings about religion aren't tampered with. Still, it's good to know that Soviet citizens are not relying on prayers to beat fascism. Write and tell me what you in your factory or office are doing to help Russia.

With best wishes, JANE HOPE.

That's the Stuff

KETTERING People's Convention Youth Committee are on the go. We've had an open-air meeting and propose holding them once a week. We're holding a public dance with a speaker from the Convention. The town is on the move at last.

Hon. Sec., Youth Cttee.

A Man's Pay, Please

MY factory has lately been switched from photographic manufacture on to war work and the girls in my department decided that our wages were not high enough for the type of work we were doing.

We sent a petition arranging a meeting with the Foreman to discuss the question of wages. He called us together and said that any girl who thought she was worth more money could see him in his office.

He sent for one of the girls and explained that he would try and get higher rates for some of the jobs but that it would take a long time.

But we don't intend that the matter shall be dropped.

Factory Worker.

Unfit for War Work

I AM one of the 3,000 unfit unemployed which the Ministry of Labour discovered and announced were unfit for industrial employment.

I have just been to the P.A.C. Result, 3/6 a week less, making my allowance 33/6 per week to feed and clothe a family of six, plus 9/- rent.

This presumably is to make me and my family more unfit for industrial work.

Yet the people who do this announce another increase for the Police—the second in one year. Why rob Peter to pay Paul?

A. Walker, Cheshire.

Our Betters

She wore straight clothes of hand-made tweed,
And drank tea made of some strange weed.
Her hair was long and straight, her figure
Had nothing to show which side was bigger.
She knew about the Cosmic Ray,
And things called egos and ex-ray.
She knew Reactions and Allurges,
Dynamics, Complexes and Urges.

When people asked her her opinions
About the state of the Dominions
She said "Mankind has got a phobia
Which can be cured by drinking no beer"
And when they said "Well, what price freedom?"
She said "Drink herbs, you really need 'em.
This queer fixation in your habits
Is 'cause your ma was scared of rabbits."

HANK.

Ban him from the B.B.C.

WHEN is Mr. Bevin going to stop broadcasting to the U.S.A. about how bravely the people of this country have withstood the brutal bombing attacks?

The British people don't want flattery. What they want is bomb-proof shelters and full compensation for the loss of their homes and possessions.

Regular Reader.

Two Weeks Without Pay

I was working on a farm before I became an apprentice. I was hired as horseman and when I got there I found I was to be byreman, a job I hate. I stayed a week and then gave in my notice and left. He refused to pay me for a fortnight's work. What should I do to get my money?

[This is why farm workers should belong to a Trade Union. You are in a difficult position as you have no legal case. The only thing I can suggest is to get in touch with local councillors and try and make them put pressure on the farmer.]

Suggestion

WHAT about a guide for the holidays for the Scotch folk?

T. McDougall, Glasgow.

[Why only the Scotch folk? This seems like a good idea.]

Unite !

When a prehistoric caveman lived and struggled long ago
He was strong for independence as he wandered to and fro.
If he had a neighbour handy he would tear him limb from limb,
And the thought of social meetings never much appealed to him.
Till one day a wiser caveman—sort of prophet, priest or scribe
Pointed to the simple merits of assembling in a tribe.
"Let us work and fight as brothers, with our strength combined," he said,
"For we've got to stand together if we want to get ahead."

R. McLaig.

When you read this story of Phyllis H—'s adventures in the W.A.A.F's, you'll understand why she left. Phyllis sent this story of her experiences to CHALLENGE. She wants to know what can be done. All we can say is struggle. Struggle for more democracy in the forces.

Illustrations by Pearl Faulkner

She Lost her Girlish Laughter

WHEN I joined the W.A.A.F.S., a bright patriotic young officer in Victory House asked me questions; where I had been educated; what had been my job.

Elementary School and shop assistant, I told her. Her brightness dimmed a little and she was a trifle more brisk. How would I like to serve my King and Country and in what capacity.

"A teleprinter," I told her.

"I'm sorry, but you haven't had quite the right education. But a cook's job is most important and so necessary; you would be doing work of really great service to your country."

She didn't know my cooking!

"Couldn't I be trained for a teleprinter?"

"Well, you see, there aren't many vacancies at the moment and there are already trained people to take them."

At last I gave it up and humbly suggested that perhaps, after all, being a cook for a few hundred men in the Air Force was what I had always wanted to do.

• • •

ONE of the worst trials in the Service followed — waiting. First I felt slightly excited and didn't mind a bit. Then I got bored and tired. Lastly I became apathetic and sullen. I think it is a deliberate plan to get one in a submissive frame of mind.

The day passed slowly in having my anatomy looked at, my teeth poked about and my head peered into. Then I was sent home to wait for my papers.

• • •

AFTER a miscalculation with the date I was given final instructions to turn up at Victory House with one warm dressing gown, bedroom slippers, etc.

The waiting room was filled with girls; there seemed to be hundreds of them. What accents and airs the teleprinters, telephonists and Special Duty girls had. What quiet, steadfast and bashful faces the cooks and mess and kitchen girls had in comparison.

I sat on a modernistic chair and felt small in spite of my knowledge that one working girl is worth twenty of such "ladies."

Accompanied by much chatter and pep talks from the bright officer we were herded off to the station to our training camp which was fortunately near London.

Here our heads were examined again, much to the discomfiture of the elaborate coiffeured ones who were quite rightly scandalised when in answer to the query, what was my father's (deceased) occupation? I replied that I wasn't sure, but I believed he was a bookie.

• • •

THE first evening was pretty terrible. Everyone had passes to go out except myself and two others of the obviously la-de-dah type. I heard one remark to another, "She's very quiet." The other replied, "Usually deceitful, that type."

The lectures we had in that camp. One very dignified benevolent woman officer came to tell us about the "horrors of Nazi Germany my dears" when she was out there in 1936. When she asked for questions I couldn't resist it.

"Why is it, that if the British Government knew all about the horrors of Nazi Germany so long ago, it did not try to prevent Germany attacking smaller countries by forming a Peace Block with all the strong democratic countries?"

She looked slightly unstrung and explained that it was not a political lecture but that Mr. Chamberlain may have made mistakes.

(Continued overleaf)

THEN I was sent to another camp. We learned all about cooking in two weeks and were again arrayed for distribution.

It was when we were finally established as cooks that we heard the first moans about the pay and ranking.

Middle-aged women, cooks in "civvie street," were in charge of huge galleys, supervising semi-trained girls, but still ranked as A.C.2, at the same level as the girls.

Consequently they resented us and reckoned we should be getting less than they.

I said I reckoned they should be getting more than us, because our own rate wasn't so hot, anyway.

The galley was the dirtiest, hottest and most dismal kitchen imaginable and was commonly referred to as Hell's Kitchen by the men.

There were four big boilers, not steam, but fire, big ranges which we had to stoke up continually, stone decks that had to be swilled and brushed down. We sweated profusely in the galley, carrying heavy sacks of spuds and porridge about, and kept having to go outside and cool off and get covered with smuts from the chimneys. Oh where was the glory of the Cookery School?

• • •

WHEN our officers used to come round to see how "our good girls" were getting on, we were decked out in clean whites and told to stir something, looking as if we had never worked.

The worst feature was the Wash-Up rooms, just inside the dining halls. The work was fairly easy, but the conditions so bad that the girls who worked there always had bad colds through standing on cold, wet, stone floors and because of the dampness everywhere.

Life had its brighter side. Besides dances, concerts, etc., there was Sam, one of the boys who imagined he sang like Bing, and did, too. We used to have swing sessions in the Spud Room until I was hauled out again by an irate corporal.

The attitude of some of the men was annoying. They thought we had joined for the fun and uniform —though if we had we would soon have been disillusioned. As it was, most of our girls joined because they were tired of their hum-drum life and blind-alley jobs and wanted a change.

SHE SENT THIS MESSAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

Janet Margesson

JANET MARGESSON, 23 year-old daughter of the Minister of War should have flown to the United States by Clipper last week to take a personal message from the youth of Britain to the youth of America.

But the Government refused to grant her an exit permit to carry out this task of cementing the friendship of the youth of the two countries.

Instead Janet had to send a message.

She read that message to the packed-out Assembly of the People's Convention which was held last Saturday in the Stoll Cinema, London.

Greetings were addressed to the Seventh American Youth Congress which was then meeting in Philadelphia. Janet would have attended that meeting if the permit had been granted as the chosen representative of the University Labour Federation and the People's Convention. She said:

"It is above all the task of youth in Britain and America to ensure that the pledges already given by the British and American Governments to help Soviet Russia should be fulfilled. It is essential that all, however high their positions, who seek to sabotage these pledges, should be removed from all positions of power and influence.

"The anti-Fascist British youth movement has already shown under difficult conditions its consistency, its vigour and its power in the struggle for the rights of youth and the people.

"We feel it is the supreme task of the youth movements of Britain and America and all other countries to unite among themselves and co-operate with the youth of the Soviet Union to achieve our final victory for independence, for democracy, for liberty and freedom."

CHINA FIGHTS ON

FOUR years ago the unified Chinese people started their great struggle against the highly industrialised Fascist slave state, modern Japan.

They started off with almost every handicap a nation could have.

A large majority of the population were illiterate.

Although possessed of great natural resources, the industry of the country was infinitesimal in comparison with Japan's, and these resources were hardly even scratched, communications were poor, roads were of mud and stone, railways were quickly occupied by the enemy, army transport consisted of mules, camels, coolies.

Why have the Japanese, in spite of their well-armed masses and vaunted "superiority," failed to cow these illiterate, mud-caked peasants?

Because every Chinese knows that the united struggle of the whole people in and out of enemy-occupied territory is the one way to beat the enemy and because Chinese everywhere are doing their bit to wear down the resistance of their oppressor.

We in this country can learn historical lessons from their fight, lessons that can stand us in good stead in this country.

The Chinese have had to suffer reverses, and many of these have been due to treachery, in face of the desire of their countrymen for national freedom there have been Chinese that wished to make a pact, come to terms with the enemy. Their insidious work prevented much-needed help in arms and material from arriving at the fronts. These people have been exposed.

THIS MAKES NEWS

"Whoever you are, whether you are a member of any of the youth organisations or not, in the forces, in factories, wherever you are, this is BIG NEWS FOR YOU when a Young Conservative writes to you and proposes friendship to help Soviet Russia," says the EDITOR, writing "Think It Over" this week.

We want to know what you and your friends at work think about it. Get them to write their opinions to us.

WHEN a Young Conservative proposes that we bury the hatchet and put differences aside and unite to help the Soviet Union, it is news. Big news for you.

It means that something is happening among young people throughout the country. It is symptomatic of a growing feeling that words are not enough. It is expressive of the need we all feel for some solid action, some concrete expression of our desires to smash Hitler and Fascism and really help the first army with the strength and courage to stand up to Hitler, the Soviet army.

It means that our big chance is here.

• • •

LAST week we got that chance. Nigel Monckton Miskin, a young Conservative sat down at his desk and wrote a letter to the Editor of the "Daily Telegraph." A former officer of the Oxford University Conservative Association, he wrote:

"I desire to express the fervent hope that all Young Conservatives, both in Oxford and throughout the country, will join me in renouncing our former hostility to the Soviet Union and in extending the hand of brotherhood in a great cause to the Russian people.

"Whatever the differences in life and in ideals between the citizens of our respective countries, young Russians and Britons share a common danger and a common duty. . . ."

• • •

WHAT is your reply to that? It affects you as much as it affects me. As much as it affects every single young person in Britain.

Whether you are a member of any of the political organisations or not, whether you are in a club or not, in the forces, in the factories, wherever you are this appeal needs an answer.

An answer from you. Immediately.

• • •

MR. MONCKTON has already had one reply.

It came from Mick Bennett, National Secretary of the Young Communist League.

As soon as Mick read Miskin's letter he sat down and, on behalf of his organisation, wrote this reply:

"May I express my appreciation of the fervent hope of the writer that all 'Young Conservatives will join him in renouncing their former hostility to the Soviet Union,' and my agreement that 'Young Russians and Young Britains share a common danger and have a common duty.'

"It is time that a great effort was made to strengthen the bonds of friendship between Soviet and British youth and to do this we must find a way here in our own land to establish a common front of Youth for freedom and the destruction of Fascism.

"Perhaps in this hour of our greatest common danger we can all contribute to finding ways and means for the realisation of this aim."

• • •

THAT was Mick Bennett's reply. It will be endorsed by every progressive, every anti-Fascist in the country.

But it is not enough to leave it at letters. We need to translate the spirit of those letters into action.

One sort of action took place last week when over two thousand representatives of the people from the factories, from political movements, from all walks of life met together in London at the Assembly held by the People's Convention.

They pledged their fullest co-operation to establish a common front of the people. They cemented it with a concrete demonstration by raising a mighty collection.

• • •

WE young people must follow their example. We must get the widest support for the ideas expressed in these letters from young people everywhere.

In the towns, cities and villages every Young Conservative, Young Liberal, Young Co-operator, factory worker, sports club and youth club enthusiast should be drawn together.

For nearly two years the British people have been in this war. They know what it means. The blitzed people of the towns and cities have stood up to the Nazis.

They are the heroes of this war. They have the courage of lions. The strength of giants. Up to now that strength has been fettered. We must shake the chains away.

Richard Kisch

CHALLENGE is pioneering the cause of suitable recreation for war workers. Here, GEORGE SINFIELD tells how Fitness Wins. He outlines, among other things, a novel scheme told him by the boxing promoter, Sydney Hulls . . .

Down at the Old Bull and Bush

A BIG scheme to provide light relief for tired war workers has been devised by Mr. Sydney Hulls, the famous boxing promoter.

It is being sponsored with the backing of Mr. George Gibson, chairman of the General Council of the T.U.C. He is an enthusiastic supporter.

Also rooting hard is the late Tom Mann's pal, Ben Tillett, veteran trade union leader.

According to Mr. Hulls, his proposal should soon take positive shape in the form of the Union Theatre and Entertainment Guild, a title he has suggested to all interested parties.

At the moment it is being sifted by the executives of four trade unions concerned with the theatrical world, and there is every reason to suppose wholehearted support will result.

'Appy 'Ampstead

WHAT is the scheme? How will it work?

Before I go on, let me tell you that the fanciful Hulls could not have selected a more appropriate place to tell me all about it than at the "Bull and Bush," famous old hostelry on Hampstead Heath.

My mind ran:

Come, come, come and make eyes at me
Down at the old Bull and Bush,
Da-ra-da-ra-da,
Come, come drink some port wine with me
Down at the old Bull and Bush...

And so on. You know, the traditional Cockney song, and some of you will recall the scene.

Making Merry

HERE, on Bank Holiday festivals in the piping times of peace, large clusters of Bills and 'Arriets would let go with their well-known unusualness of making merry.

"Pearly Kings" and "Pearly Queens," resplendent in their quaint and glittering suits and dresses of buttons by the hundreds, would sing and dance the cake-walk to the cracked strains of barrel-organs.

Just before the war, old favourites as "Strolling Down the Old Kent Road," gave way to gusty vocal renderings of:

When you walk down Lambeth Way,
Any evening, any day,
You'll find 'em all
Doing the Lambeth Walk, Oi! ...

They were grand times.

Good Time

SYDNEY tilted his hat at an even more rakish angle, wreathed his countenance in a roguish Clark Gable smile and, suiting the song, time and place perfectly, ordered drinks and ogled like fury.

By this process of seduction he won me into support of his scheme, just in the same way, no doubt, he had weakened the wills of the warriors of Transport House.

Hulls rightly reckons that Sundays are as dead as mutton. He says they give the willies to men and women who should be given a good time.

"The industrial war workers," said Syd, "should cheerfully chuckle their heads off when they're on their day off. Don't you agree?"

I agreed, and observed mine host should win the contest in a canter.

Swell Scheme

THE aim is to organise a sort of mobile entertainment force that will visit all the big industrial towns.

He hopes to recruit the cream of entertainers and put on mixed entertainment-boxing shows.

Artists and boxers have already been sounded. Most think the idea a slap-up one.

Hulls, who has been blitzed from pillar to post,—"Blimey, George, I've had my share of coconuts," is how he puts it—believes this Brighter Sunday

notion will be enthusiastically welcomed in all blitzed cities, particularly in the winter.

I think that's a cinch, too.

"Huge Success"

TO start off the venture, his design is to organise a show in London very soon, "just to prove the thing can be a huge success," he said.

"We have only to assure leading folk that the proposal is a sound one, and I'm positive we shall get suport of the bulk of trade unionists."

And, once again I think this Hulls fellow is right.

Whatever way you look at it, you will agree the scheme carries conviction.

Good Lesson

MEN and women, stuffed up and working hard in factories, must have recreation if they are to be expected to do a good job. Many prefer sitting back and being entertained.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," concluded the exuberant Hulls. "We should take that as our guiding lesson."

Pushing his hat, or in his words, "the old titfer," still more on one side, we tickled tonsils with the dregs of our glasses, and strolled out onto the Heath.

Somehow, that short stay in the "Bull and Bush," Syd told me, made the Heath assume a misty loveliness!

You wonder why, or do you?

Splendid Cause

I EXPECT you will know the answer to that one. Whether you do, or do not, however, is immaterial. What seems important is that the ideas lurking between the ears of the boxing promoter, and outlined to me for the first time, are extremely interesting.

They are in line with all that we have said in support of providing Brighter Sundays for the people doing vitally urgent work, and who have so little time to make them fit enough to perform it properly.

CHALLENGE, pioneers of this movement, views its cause and campaign with pride.

We know what we want, and mean to get it.

We know there is gathering support for our campaign.

Stockton Moves

TAKE Stockton, for example, Here, quite a number of workers have got together, convinced that some healthy activity can be quickly infused into their lives.

They hope to resuscitate the plans made during the time of the "Get Fit" Movement, plans that have since been pigeon-holed.

They involved the establishment of a sports and recreation centre, with full facilities.

I hear that supporting the notion of the revival of these plans, are well-known councillors, one of whom is expected to enumerate them in these columns in the near future.

Southampton's Lido

ALL of which connects quite properly with my article a few weeks back, wherein I called for the re-opening of a lido at Southampton.

Local young workers raised the question of the need for the re-opening with the Southampton Town Council. I commend them for their wide-awakeness.

I understand that the lido may be re-opened when circumstances are easier. This was made known by Councillor Foy, chairman of the Baths Committee.

I am absolutely certain that hindrances—real or imaginary—can be got over with speed, if the will to tackle and solve them is big enough.

Reading's Plan

A UNIQUE example of what can be done is provided by the Reading Council.

People of Reading are being encouraged to make full use of a riverside meadow of about 50 acres by taking part in every kind of game and exercise.

If games and exercise is the stuff to give the troops, they're also the very stuff to give factory workers.

So far, so good. So what?

Experts in hockey, cricket, netball, swimming, and other sports, are to be employed to instruct during a special games week.

Fitness Wins

THAT'S just the medicine the doctor ordered. Whoopee!

I've been dispensing bottles of this stuff in CHALLENGE for a long time now.

We want to see similar activities in every town in the country.

Let's realise that if England expects every man and woman to fight or work, there's no valid reason why authorities should not provide abundant facilities to help them get fit for the job.

That's perfectly clear, and just plain, ordinary good sense.

"Fitness Wins" was the Government propaganda slogan before the war.

"Fitness Wins" should be a propaganda slogan during the war.

A Train for Themselves

GREAT news from a General Training Centre!

Nearly 500 lads want a train to themselves! An electric one!

Every day several hundreds, lads and men, travel by the South London Railway to a Government Training Centre. Every afternoon the lads, who leave at 2 o'clock, are supposed to get a train at 2.6, about half-a-mile walk.

Can they do it time?

The management say they mustn't run or rush to clock out! Behave like gentlemen is their motto!

Results: About a dozen agile trainees get the 2.6 train home.

The rest of the lads have to wait until 2.47 before they can get the next loco.

Many of them have a two hours' travelling distance to go before they get home.

What have the lads done about it?

The Centre is divided into two shifts. Both shifts have organised petitions to the management, asking either to be allowed to leave 15 minutes earlier to get the 2.6 train or that a special train be chartered for them.

A point in favour of the trainees is that many of the instructors who travel by train unofficially support their petition.

★ *Six men and a girl stood in the dock at Old Bailey last week on trial for their freedom. They chose one of their number to speak for them. A young Shop Steward like themselves. Here is DON SMART'S impression of the scene.*

DYNAMITE IN THE DOCK

THE people in the public seats craned forward. The rustle of papers and documents ceased. Even the Recorder, impassive, seemed more intent. All eyes turned towards the Dock.

The young man who was about to speak seemed nervous.

Then, as the words came, he seemed to gather confidence. There was none of the flourishes of the bewigged barristers; none of the sparkling wit or quiet sallies of the professional counsel.

But his words were honest words, from the heart. As he spoke the court-room became blurred. It was possible to imagine that this was Loveless speaking for the Tolpuddle Martyrs. One's mind flashed back, and saw, speaking in the Dock those brave spokesmen of the people who had stood fearless for liberty.

From the street below came a newsboy's voice crying "Russians hold Nazis." Almost one could picture the titanic battles raging along that mighty front. And it became clear that the front did not only extend from the White Sea to the Black.

The front penetrated all countries. It was here in this court-room.

The atmosphere tightened. It seemed almost a sacrilege to breathe. This was history—history in the making, and everyone felt the measure of the moment.

★

"*I HAVE spent all my working days in engineering, a period of thirteen years.*"

Look at his hands. Powerful, yet graceful hands, deft masters over machine and material. You can see him now, as he bends over the Dock, bending over his machine, creating wealth. Creating wealth! Yes, he is a creator, this sturdy young man who speaks so plainly. He is an artist.

"*We seven trade unionists are proud to be elected by the workers as their shop stewards. We are on trial for taking part in a strike. We acted under the directions of the workers, faithfully endorsing their decisions. We are unashamed and unrepentant. The workers would have taken us to task if we failed to represent them truly.*"

Look at the set of his shoulders. See how he holds his head up. It is easy to see that he speaks the truth. He is not afraid. He is a real leader. He draws his strength, as great oaks draw their strength from the rich earth, from the workers whom he loves, and who love him. He is great, this simple, plain-spoken, young shop steward.

"*The trade union movement is the finest symbol and expression of working-class unity and strength. This we hold dear. We shall continue to guard it jealously. This I understand, is freedom.*"

How the words ring through the court-room. Even the stolid police, hardened by a thousand cases, look towards the dock.

"*We are told we are fighting Hitlerism for the maintenance of this freedom. Well, we workers intend to go on fighting Hitlerism wherever its ugly head is shown. I claim that sufficient evidence was brought by the workers at this enquiry to show that the chaotic inefficient and provocative character of the management would eventually bring this dispute to a head.*"

★

WHO does this bold young man represent? Surely not seven shop stewards on trial for striking?

In every factory and shop throughout this country there are the little Hitlers and the littler Hitlers.

Small men with small minds whose one aim is bigger bank balances.

He speaks for all of us, who are straining body and soul in the greatest battle of history.

He speaks against the Hitler mind, the Hitler spirit. He speaks for all free men and women, everywhere.

"*Are the workers to do nothing to defend themselves? Must the workers be forbidden to strike back with the only means in their power, if for example, the employers attack them by dismissing shop stewards and trade unionists?*

He is a soldier too. He is indignant. He cannot understand, as a soldier, any man, or any law, which tells him that he has no right to fight back against injustice. He recognises no such law. It is no shame, he says by his attitude, not to be free. The only shame is not to fight to be free.

THE jury shuffle in their seats a little. His logic is telling. Friend and enemy alike, biassed and unbiassed, see in this young engineer a staunch leader or a worthy foe.

"*We workers are not fooled. The pernicious system of cost plus-ten-per-cent which gives rise to the deliberate slowing up of production is shown in this factory. The employers can only see swollen profit as an incentive. The whole history of this firm is one of attempts to destroy the development of trade unionism. It is a history of muddle, incompetence, and inefficiency.*"

Counter-attack! He is hurling the accusations back to the prosecution. He is putting the employers in the dock.

★

THE whole atmosphere is keyed up, intense. There is a pause.

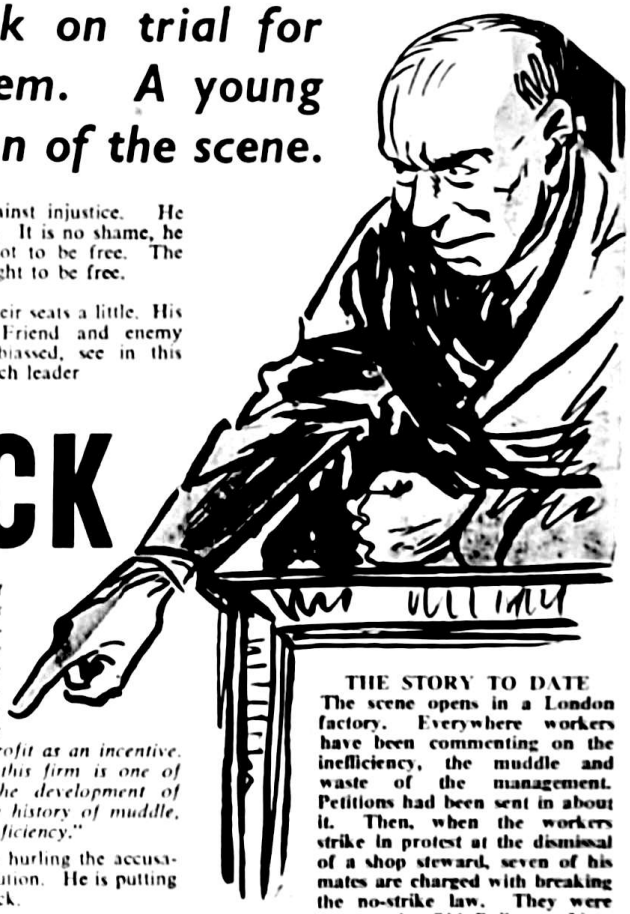
Then the speaker concludes. No flaming rhetoric. Quiet, forceful words, plainly spoken, which cut the atmosphere like a dagger.

There are few more things to be done yet. They have to be bound over. There are formalities and traditions to be dealt with. But the trial is over. The atmosphere is broken. One is left with a feeling of power, and strength, and an overwhelming, gushing pride in a people who can produce such men, such young, such bold, such inspired young men.

His words beat against your heart, like the wings of an imprisoned bird.

"WE HAD NO ALTERNATIVE BUT TO STAND BY OUR TRADE UNION RIGHTS. TRADE UNIONISM IS PART OF OUR LIFE: WE DO NOT PAY LIP-SERVICE TO IT, AND WE STAND BY ITS PRINCIPLES."

Stand by its principles! From the Black Sea to the White, in every factory, on every hearth, across the face of Britain, across the face of the world, the battle rages.



THE STORY TO DATE

The scene opens in a London factory. Everywhere workers have been commenting on the inefficiency, the muddle and waste of the management. Petitions had been sent in about it. Then, when the workers strike in protest at the dismissal of a shop steward, seven of his mates are charged with breaking the no-strike law. They were sent to the Old Bailey. Now read on.

Next week:
The Apprentice Murder Mystery,
by John Bishop.
Order your copy NOW

Bayonets in Reserve

An Episode

OVER twenty years ago the Soviet Union was attacked on fourteen fronts by armies of six different nations who were trying to smash the newly born Socialist State. Then, as now, the people of Soviet Russia rose to defend her. They formed partisan troops from farmers, woodsmen and factories. Here is a story about the famous partisan leader Chapayev, a former sergeant in the Tsar's Army, written by the Soviet writer DMITRI FURMANOV.

A Soviet girl who is prepared to use her marksman's rifle with telling effect against the invaders.

"DON'T retreat. Remember there's nothing but bayonets in reserve!"

Yes, the weavers now had nothing but bayonets left to fight with. And when, instead of sham attacks, the enemy launched a real offensive on a wide front, the Red lines faltered, could not resist the shock, drew back.

The commander of the regiment was the one-time commissar, Burov, and his commissar was Nikita Lopar. They both raced along the line, shouting to the men to stop the retreat, explaining rapidly that there was nowhere to retreat to—they had only the river behind them, they could not be ferried over—the only thing to do was to stand their ground, dig themselves in and withstand the attack.

And the wavering line stopped its retreat and held fast. At that very moment some mounted men came galloping up, and jumped down from their horses.

It was Frunze, together with Tronin, the chief of the political department of the army, and a few others.

Frunze, holding his rifle in his hand, ran forward, shouting: "Hurrah, hurrah, comrades! Forward!!!" All those who were near recognised him, and the news that he was there spread like wildfire through the ranks. The men took heart at once, they rushed madly forward. It was an unforgettable moment! They could fire but seldom—the cartridges were too few, but they hurled themselves with bayonets on the attacking enemy. And such was the might of their heroic exaltation that this time it was the enemy's ranks that faltered, turned and began to run.

• • •

IT was the attack by the Red Army against the Whites led by Kolchak in the Urals in 1919. Ufa was the objective—but between the town and the Reds was the enemy—standing at bay in a strong position, bristling with heavy artillery and machine guns. . . .

Kolchak's divisions were on the high right bank of the White River from where a commanding view of the Red regiments advancing from the different sides was obtained. All bridges were blown up by Kolchak in his retreat . . . except one at a spot just opposite Ufa, where Chapayev's division halted. The right flank waited at the bridge, the left marched to a small village, Krassny Yar, twenty-five versts down stream.

The plan was for the left flank to cross and proceed to the town, then for the right to cross near the bridge and to come to their support.

The bridge, a huge cast-iron structure, was still intact, but nobody believed that the enemy had

left it untouched; it was assumed that it had been mined and therefore could not be crossed. A railway track ran across, but it had been torn up in places, and in the middle of the bridge a few railway cars loaded with rubbish.

There was nothing to cross the river by, except for a few boats and some makeshift rafts rigged by lashing together some logs and planks.

Then an amazing thing happened. A ferry-boat and two small steamers came sailing serenely down the river; the officers aboard obviously were unaware that the Reds were so close.

They were ordered to stop, they refused. Machine-guns sputtered . . . the uneven battle was soon over, the steamers put to shore.

They were a windfall for the Reds; the boats were concealed so that the enemy might not know what a prize had fallen out of his hands. They were used later to ferry the men across.

• • •

TWO days before the general attack on Ufa, Frunze, Chapayev and Fedor arrived at Krassny Yar, called a conference of all commanders and commissars in the division, to clear up all the difficulties and peculiarities of the situation, to weigh up possibilities, to estimate equipment, the number of troops and to decide how they should be placed.

It was decided to give the most responsible post to the Ivanovo-Voznesensk Regiment—which consisted of weavers who had joined the Red Army and had a high level of political understanding. Undaunted courage alone might prove insufficient in this battle, and although the regiments of Kutyakov had won immortal fame and ranked among the first in fighting capacity it was deemed better in this instance to rely on the Red weavers.

The weavers prepared for the crossing. Chapayev himself directed it. The steamers were packed to capacity. The night was far gone, dawn would soon break.

The Red batteries opened fire, the range was correct, the shots went home.

The enemy could not stand the fierce hammering. They retreated, pursued by the weavers who drove them to the village of Novye Turbasly.

Now the Stenka Razin and Domashkino Regiments were being ferried across, but in the meantime the enemy rallied. They attacked the weavers who had already used up all their cartridges . . . and when the real counter offensive was launched the weavers faltered.

It was then that Frunze rallied the men and turned a probable retreat into a victory.

• • •

THE tide had turned, the Reds had the upper hand again. Frunze left the Ivanovo-Voznesensk Regiment and rode off with Kutyakov to visit the Pugachev men.

The Pugachev Regiment was still marching along the bank. Soon battalions of the Stenka Razin and Domashkino Regiments began to arrive, and fell in on the high road. At noon the order for a further general attack was issued.

The Pugachev Regiment was to proceed further along the river bank, while the Stenka Razin and Domashkino Regiments were to form the centre and the Ivanovo-Voznesensk Regiment the extreme left flank. Just at this moment enemy columns appeared on the northern side; they threatened to strike at the centre of the Red line, which was preparing for attack.

• • •

KHREBTOV'S battery was the first to come up to the Ivanovo-Voznesensk Regiment. He posted his battery behind their lines, and at the enemy's first advance, while the line was awaiting them in frozen pent-up expectation, he opened fire. A shudder of delight passed through the ranks as the men heard their own battery at work, and they leapt forward.

But the advance could not be pushed home. Too huge a mass, coming from the north, fell upon the Stenka Razin and Domashkino battalions. The forces were too unequal, it was too hard to withstand and hurl back this onslaught, and the Stenka Razin Regiment faltered, and began to retreat.

The Ivanovo-Voznesensk Regiment was still stationed near Turbasly, and part of the enemy forces were now turned against it.

Kutyakov galloped up to Khrebtov:

"The Stenka Razin boys are retreating, we must help them! Turn your guns, aim to the right at those that are pursuing them."

Khrebtov changed the direction of his guns. He was an experienced gunner, a master of his craft, and his true eye and quick perception worked wonders.

The enemy advance was stopped. The Stenka Razin Regiment rallied, took heart again.

The enemy, after this, directed his main attack against the Ivanovo-Voznesensk Regiment. The weavers withstood the fiercest blows, stood firm, under four successive attacks by several enemy regiments. They displayed unrivalled steadfastness and heroism. They fought on, stood their ground, did not yield an inch till help arrived and the coming of some Red regiments relieved the danger.

The Pugachev Regiment was moving along the bank of the river and to prevent it from being isolated, it was ordered to withdraw. At their first move the enemy, whose rifles had been silent for a while, and who evidently wanted to lure them on, launched a series of fierce attacks on them. The Pugachev men retired with heavy losses. They withstood the onslaughts, beat them off, but did not make counter-attacks, being bent on getting into the lines of their own regiments.

The advance had been stopped by now, the falling darkness had put an end to the firing. Everything was quiet. The troops kept still. Sentries were posted, scouts sent out. The regiments had to rest.

Tomorrow, at cock crow, the general attack would begin.

• • •

WHEN Chapayev had been at the riverside, sending troops across the river, he had kept in constant touch with Kutyakov and the regimental commanders by telephone. The liaison had been perfectly organised and greatly contributed to the success of the operations, Chapayev was kept constantly informed in full detail of everything that was taking place beyond the river.

When a shortage of shells or cartridges was beginning to be felt, Chapayev was already remedying it, sending all that was needed by the next steamer. He knew the mood of the men, the movements of the enemy, their power of resistance, the strength of their artillery, the number of officers they had, what kind of soldiers constituted their army. Every detail had its importance for him, he weighed and considered all circumstances.

All the threads of events were gathered in his hands, and his curt instructions on the telephone, the orders he sent out by messenger showed how clearly and precisely he visualised everything that was taking place.

The enemy planes wrought a

(*Continued on page* 15)

THE THIRD FRONT

Commander Edgar Young explains the Soviet Union's Big Weapon.

STALIN'S outspoken broadcast to the Soviet peoples last week made no secret of the realities of the situation.

Even the Diplomatic Correspondent of "The Times," who is no friend of the Soviet Union, was compelled to remark, "Stalin seems better able to tell his people the truth than Dr. Goebbels."

That he was able to do this without fear of "creating alarm and despondency" or of shaking public confidence in the Government of which he is the head is clear proof of his own confidence in the ultimate and decisive victory of the Soviet peoples over the Nazi aggressors and in the common sense of those to whom he spoke.

HE was able to do this in terms which no other statesman in the world could use—in terms to which no man or women or child among them could fail to respond.

"Our enemy intends," he said, "to seize our land, our wheat and our oil, the fruits of our labour. He intends to restore the power of the big landowners, to destroy the national culture and national States of the Russians, Ukrainians, White Russians, Lithuanians, Letts, Estonians, Moldavians, Uzbeks, Tartars, Georgians, Armenians, Azerbaidjanians, and other free peoples of the Soviet Union.

"It is therefore a question whether the peoples of the Soviet Union shall be free or reduced to slavery."

NEITHER Hitler, nor Mussolini could speak like that to their people, still less to the other peoples upon whose work their war effort is so dependent.

Nor, for that matter, could Mr. Churchill speak like that to the peoples of the British Empire—or at least not with any hope of meeting with response.

That is why Stalin alone has been able to prescribe in detail to his people the means whereby they can collaborate in bringing the Nazi onslaught to certain disaster.

WHILE the Red Army, Navy and Air Force, growing daily in strength, are to meet the armed forces of the enemy, the civil population is entrusted with the task of defending factories, power stations, etc.

The civil population is to see to it that everything possible that is of value is removed from territory which the enemy may temporarily overrun, and that what cannot be removed is destroyed.

The civil population is to organise itself for guerilla warfare behind the enemy's lines—as has been done so effectively by the Chinese people—and is to create in invaded areas "conditions unbearable for the enemy and his accomplices."

The civil population is to take its cue from the citizens of Leningrad and Moscow, and is to raise quickly popular levies in support of the Red Army.

Thus the farther Hitler's armies may advance under the impetus of their initial advantage, the greater will be the embarrassment they will experience. The greater, also, will be the depletion of their reserves of men and of machines, as well as of the oil without which those machines cannot move. The less effective therefore will become their offensive power and also their power to hold down the subject populations of Europe behind them.

THIS is what Stalin meant when he declared that the object of the Soviet peoples is not merely to repel the Fascist invaders of their Union, "but also to help all the peoples of Europe groaning under the yoke of German Fascism."

This is what he meant when he expressed confidence that the Soviet peoples would find "faithful allies in the person of the peoples of Europe, including the German people."

HIS broadcast was an appeal to the peoples of Europe to open up that Third Front of which Fascists everywhere are the most fearful—to attack the enemies of democracy on the Home Front, which is the only front on which they can effectively and finally be defeated.

It is on that front that the enemies of democracy sink their differences and unite in self-defence; it is on that front therefore that democrats must act in unison to achieve their victory.

Have you done YOUR BIT FOR US?

A READER has thrown down a challenge to CHALLENGE supporters. It is part of his effort to help us get our £500 by September 1.

He guarantees to find another £5 for the Development Fund, if person or group of persons can be found to subscribe £25.

THERE is a chance for you, readers. Get out your paper and pencils and start figuring out how you can contribute to the CHALLENGE Development Fund's fight.

Get your friends together one evening and plan what you can all do together to help the fund.

DANCES, social events, film shows, rambles, swimming excursions. These things can be organised fairly easily, are themselves good fun and your friends will enjoy helping.

Put down the names of all the local people, friends and not-such-friends, who might be got to give some concrete expression of support for our paper and decide who is going to see them, how they are to be tackled.

THERE'S a reason for all this, a reason why you should really put yourself out to raise the wind for CHALLENGE.

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(No. 9)

LET THE PEOPLE SWING!

"DON'T shoot the pianist, he's doing his best." Once that gag raised a laugh among the variety-loving public, now it has a grim ring to it as certain Fleet Street journalists tote their typewriters like .45's scouring the West End looking for musicians who, they allege, are dodging the army.

It is a typical stunt of the *Daily Express*.

The paper is always looking for a circulation stunt and this year, in the summer, normally known as the silly period, it has found a stunt that would be sillier than usual if it wasn't a scurrilous abuse of a section of the people who are playing as much part in the war as any.

• • •

THE bright idea is that if miners were released from the army their places could be filled by musicians and "counter-clerks," who are alleged to be dodging the column.

Use a moment's thought and figure out the number of miners wanted and the number of musicians available and you will get an idea of the idiocy of the suggestion.

I can't speak for the counter-clerks, but I can speak about musicians. As an officer of the London Branch of the Musician's Union I know how many musicians are working at present. Beaverbrook says there are 50,000 miners wanted.

If all live musical entertainment ceased in London not more than fifty musicians would be available for transfer.

• • •

WHAT makes the idea stink even worse is the fact that the *Daily Express* openly takes its inspiration from Nazi Germany and quotes the fact that Himmler has banned all dancing in Germany to justify itself.

I can state too that contrary to the statement that there are more musicians serving in R.A.F. bands than as soldiers the reverse is true. I have a file in my possession to prove it.

Reg. Knight

THIS PLAY IS UP TO DATE NOW

An interesting article on Shakespeare by JOHN MARSHALL

THE other day a friend and I went to see a stage performance of Shakespeare's "King John." Out of curiosity more than anything else. It was supposed to be dry-as-dust historical stuff—but anyway we were willing to try anything once.

Well, the actors were fine—it was the Old Vic Company touring the provinces and we want more of this sort of thing—the stage settings and dress were very cleverly got up out of very little, and they made it all extremely interesting.

But what struck me most was that all this stuff that happened years ago was made to seem full of close parallels to what is happening today. It fairly struck you in the eye.

• • •

DO you know the story? King John of England—the Magna Carta chap—and King Philip of France are quarrelling over how much of each other's country they can annex. Philip says that John is a usurper and that England belongs to his nephew. Family reasons, you see; just like Hitler. For the other side, John says he is going to fight till doomsday. He, needless to say, is just as much a twister as the other chap, and in fact has seized the throne on false pretences.

However, they sally forth and do battle outside the town of Angiers, with the chief citizen of that town hanging over the wall and looking on, very much like a bewildered worker watches the antics of modern capitalist governments.

• • •

AFTER the bloodshed has finished for the time being, each king marches proudly up to the town walls and announces that he has downed the other fellow. Compare modern propaganda! And, of course, they each stake their claim to Angiers. But the chief citizen, like Stalin, isn't having any. He says:

The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion, no, not death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we who keep this city.

That would make a good motto for the Red Army! And to carry the parallel still further, a toady of King John's—a gentleman of doubtful origin whom John has knighted so he'll do his dirty work for him—acts as a sort of Rudolf Hess by standing between the two kings and saying (simply) "patch up your differences, boys, and 'lay this Angiers even with the ground'"! There is no need for an aeroplane in this case!

However, that particular parallel ends there. They devise a method of carving up Angiers by the simple process of marrying a relation of King John to a relation of King Philip. In this case John (Mr. Chamberlain) gives away Angiers (in this instance Czechoslovakia) to appease Philip in the hope that Philip (Hitler) won't make any further claims.

• • •

RIGHT to the curtain, there's a lot to show that our rulers haven't changed much through the ages. Shakespeare knew his as well as we do ours. You never saw such a living picture of double-dealing and treachery.

Eventually John dies—like all kings, generals and politicians—in bed. An entirely brand-new king is proclaimed, the twisting barons change their allegiance, and then come the fine words:

Nought shall make us rue
If England to herself do rest but true.

And then they played "God Save the King." But there is a meaning behind these words, too, if you care to look for it! It is up to us to follow the example of the peoples of the U.S.S.R., and build a new England. Then "nought shall make us rue."

But at any rate, now I know why Shakespeare is so popular in the Soviet Union!

Reader's Cartoons

ANY DAY BEFORE SUNDAY JUNE 22
THE WORKAHS ARE TOO COMPLACENT ABOUT THIS BALLY WAH, COLONEL
.....AND..AFTER
COLONEL, THE PUBLIC ARE GETTING TOO DAMN INTERESTED IN THIS WAH

Contributed by T. R. LONDON, *S.W.6.*

Each week CHALLENGE *puts a portion of its space at the disposal of readers for cartoons and drawings. If you can draw, have a shot and send us the result. Send your contributions to* CHALLENGE, 83 *Premier House, 150 Southampton Row, W.C.1.*

Introduction to a new series by

Cpl. MICK BENNETT

(late of the famous Buffs Regiment)

THIS is by way of an introduction to a new military series. Actually I commenced the series some weeks ago, and the first articles were ready for publication. However, time does not wait, and with the attack on the U.S.S.R. the Editor felt—and I agreed—that the series should start off from the present conflict rather than from past history.

Events of recent weeks have jerked many military writers into an enormous and new conception of warfare. Before the second world war started the most advanced and clear-sighted military men were fighting out-of-date concepts and theories.

Even the best, however, in this country, now remark with considerable surprise that "the Russians are developing a new kind of warfare," and that they seem to be "disregarding many of the accepted rules."

NEW WARFARE

WHAT is taking place is nothing less than what Max Werner would call "The battle for the World." The powerful military machine of the most highly organised capitalist state of the world has been thrown with all its force into a gigantic effort to stop the wheel of history, and by sheer military might to subjugate all mankind to German fascism, a task which, needless to say, will prove impossible of fulfilment.

Victory for the Red Army and peoples of the world would, on the other hand, unleash such forces of freedom and progress that it may well be that what we are witnessing now is the last war in history.

★

THERE have not always been wars, and it is not in "human nature" that there should be. Wars came into being at a certain stage in the evolution of mankind, and will disappear again when the basic causes and conditions no longer exist. In the present mighty conflict we are not spectators but an essential part of the war, and in many more senses than the military. For to get a clear perspective of what is happening and what is likely to happen a different approach is needed from that of the ordinary military writer. It is not simply a matter of two armies opposing each other. It is a whole people versus an army. That fact is fundamental to understand the strategy and tactics of the Red Army and indeed the whole conception or doctrine of war of the U.S.S.R.

It is the basis of those reasons, the difference between the Soviet strategy and the strategy of other countries that I want to explain in the series which will begin next week.

Make sure you read this series of vital articles by Corporal Mick Bennett. Order your copy now.

(*Continued from page* 11)

good deal of havoc, and were responsible for Chapayev's wound. A bullet hit him in the head, and remained embedded in his skull.

Attempts were made to extract the bullet, and six times they failed. Chapayev sat in silence during the excruciating operation, and never uttered a sound. His head was bandaged up, and he was removed to Avdon, a small town twenty versts from Ufa.

• • •

AFTER leaving Chapayev, Fedor and his comrades rode off towards the position where Popov's brigade was stationed.

Several times Popov had rushed up over to them from the next hut; Fedor had more than once looked in to see Popov, and then resumed his vigil.

He clung to one audacious idea; if it could be proved that the bridge was sound, one regiment at least could rush over it into the town, and, raising panic by the very suddenness of its appearance, help the brigades that would be coming up from Krassny Yar.

The following night was much like the last. Reports came that two brigades had crossed the river from Krassny Yar, and were advancing. That meant that the decisive moment was approaching. Scout after scout tried to cross the bridge or at least to reach the cars that blocked the way, but the enemy was keeping close watch over every nook and cranny by which the Reds might penetrate.

The night was pitch dark. On the other bank nothing could be seen but feebly burning fires—it was impossible to guess what the enemy were doing. At two o'clock their artillery ceased fire. An extraordinary stillness reigned. Dawn was just breaking.

Then, all of a sudden, the bridge blew up with a thundering crash, the giant cast-iron structure plunged into the river, a glaring flash played over the water. For an instant it was as bright as day.

They all tore away from the hut, scrambled up the embankment and gazed out over the river, wondering what the enemy were at. Why had they chosen this precise moment to blow up the bridge? Perhaps things were going badly with them? Perhaps they were retreating? Perhaps the Red brigades were already close to Ufa?

• • •

ALL were seized with a feverish impatience. The hours passed. And only when it became known that the brigades were really nearing the town was the order given to cross the river. Boats appeared from nowhere; small rafts hidden in the grass were pushed out into the water.

The enemy opened desultory fire. One could feel that they were in feverish anxiety, maybe in a panic. The Red gunners intensified their fire on the enemy trenches by the river bank. The Red Army men crossed the river under fire, in twos and three, or in small groups; the moment they reached the shore, they sprang out, hurriedly dug up little mounds of earth, hid their heads behind them, and fired.

The noon-day sun burned powerfully. Deathly heat. Sweat running in streams. Thirst.

And all the time the Red ranks were growing, thickening, swelling. All the fiercer grew the fire, all the feebler grew the enemy's resistance. The enemy had lost heart.

"Hurrah!" The Reds rose and dashed forward. They had taken the first line of enemy trenches, killing some, capturing others, then taking cover again. Next to them lay the prisoners, disarmed, panic-stricken, full of mortal fear. And so it went on, the men running forward and lying down again, on and on, ever further from the river, ever deeper into the town. . . .

The Red troops were entering the town from all sides. Everywhere there were huge crowds of workers, shouting themselves hoarse for joy. Enthusiasm, welcome to the valorous regiments, laughter and joyous, irresponsible tears. The population surrounded the Red Army men, seized them by the tunic—greeting these strangers like dear and close friends—slapped them on the shoulder, shook them by the hand.

Men in greasy blouses lined both sides of the streets, heading the crowd.

The victory was theirs, theirs above all.

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